

The Salt Lake Herald.

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MARCUS IS WILLING.

IT BEGINS TO LOOK as though that little presidential bee were buzzing in Mark's bonnet, in spite of his repeated protestations that the job is not at all to his liking. A remarkable change has come over the Hanna spirit that can be accounted for in no other way than by the alluring crooning of the bee.

Heretofore Mr. Hanna has been content to accomplish his ends without any posing. So long as he remained the power behind the throne, could gratify any little senile ambition and shove his pet bills through the houses, he didn't worry over the sort of figure he might cut in the eyes of the public. In fact, Mark's motto has always seemed to be so far as he was personally concerned: "The public be damned!"

But list to the change: "For five years," groaned Mr. Hanna the other evening at a post election jubilee, "I have stood before the American public, vilified, slandered and cartooned until my very manhood revolted, and if the labor I was performing in the interest of my party and my country entitled me to the smallest consideration, I was entitled to stand before the people everywhere and give the lie to those slanders."

Here we have the man, who only a little while back held politics to be merely a business proposition, putting on the garb of a persecuted martyr in the cause of patriotism. The man, who, only a few weeks ago rubbed his hands together complacently and told the British-American club in Chicago that he had found politics and political life a good thing, now whimpers plaintively of the lils he has borne for the sake of his country and his party. What does all this mean? Evidently that Marcus has become suddenly anxious that men should have a good opinion of him. But why does a man who has made such a success of life by making himself unpopular want to be popular?

There is but one solution. The bee is buzzing. A murmurous agitation is at work beneath his hat, tickling his eardrums and coaxing him to strange postures. The trusts may possess their stocks in peace. Marcus is willing.

J. J. HILL ON SUBSIDIES.

SCATHING CRITICISM of the subsidy bill comes from a source that would hardly be looked for to make strictures against Mr. Hanna's pet measure. The critic is none other than James J. Hill, owner and operator of American built ships. Mr. Hill has found out that without any subsidy at all he can build ships in America and operate them at a profit. He even finds that he can build ships cheaper in America than they can be built in Scotland.

Mr. Hill remarks very pertinently that if the real design of the bill is to encourage ship building in this country, it can be done far more effectively by taking the duty off the steel plates that go into them than by voting subsidies. There is not much likelihood that this rational suggestion will make any impression on the backers of the Hanna bill. It might accomplish the end of building up a merchant marine without drawing millions from the public funds, but instead of adding to the hoards of a trust, it would turn off one of the taps by which the beloved steel combine is fed.

Again, Mr. Hill remarks: "If congress will appropriate \$150,000,000 for a class of ships that will reduce the cost of carrying our commerce, we will have a right to feel that they have done well, but we don't think that they should give the bulk of it to twenty or twenty-one ships that are only compelled to run twenty-one knots once to the satisfaction of the governmental officers detailed for that purpose."

Unfortunately the whole history of the bill shows that the real motive behind it is not the cheapening of marine freight rates, but the enriching of a few ship-owners, among them that very particular friend of the government, John D. Rockefeller. Hence, it is safe to say that Mr. Hill's protests will go practically unheeded, and that the bill will sail through congress in the same shape that it now exists.

SIGHTS FOR THE PERSIAN.

GENERAL ISAAC KAHN MOHAMMED DOVLET, aide-de-camp to the shah of Persia, has come to this country, for the purpose, he says, to do what he can to bring his nation and the United States in closer touch, and to learn as much as possible of what is best and most beneficial in our civilization. As he is the guest of the nation, it will be the president's duty to turn him over to some one who can point out to him the important objects of interest in our civilization. This is bound to be intensely interesting to the gentleman with the corner on the alphabet.

In the first place, he will be shown a few of those bulwarks of the nation, known in administrative circles as "good trusts." As he has no vote here there will be no objection to explaining to him how these are the reservoirs whence rushes that fountain of purity, the Republican party; how, just after an election, the public is tapped till the trust reservoirs are full to overflowing, and how, just before the next election, the trusts are tapped until the Republican campaign bash is brimming.

Another important and picturesque landmark of our civilization that the Persian must see is Mark Hanna. Here is a typical, the enthusiastic guide will explain, who has arrived at the height of physical and mental perfection which you see him, by simply being in politics for his health. Years ago he was a weak, sickly boy, with no pockets and an undeveloped palm. His physician advised politics, and look at him today.

Our guest will be taken to the silver mines of the west and shown how a sublime single standard has wrought its wonders upon them. Once they were filled with dirty, working miners. Now these nuisances are gradually being got rid of, and soon, under the paternal care of the government, they will become quiet, sylvan caves, whither Sunday school parties can repair and drink in the grandeur of nature undisturbed by harsh noises and bad krammar. Farther west he will be shown the American flag gaily floating over those islands where Mr. McKinley's word is the law of the land. Scarcely four years ago this proud emblem was a rag of so poor a quality that it could float only over a land where freedom and liberty reigned. Now it can float over any old land it can find.

The shah has done wisely and well to send a representative to study our civilization, for it contains many marvelous and astounding spectacles, and certainly not a few helpful hints to absolute monarchs.

COMMENDABLE RAILROAD ENTERPRISE.

THE EFFORTS TOWARD COLONIZING UTAH and Idaho that are being made by the Rio Grande Western and Oregon Short Line railroads are not only commendable as broad, far-seeing business methods, but as a patriotic and public-spirited movement on the part of the officials of the roads. The railroads will undoubtedly reap large gains as a result of their work, but these will be incidental to increase of riches in the two states and the prosperity of the colonists. In the meantime thousands of dollars are being expended by the roads in the furtherance of their scheme, and the least the public, who will be co-beneficiaries, can do is to show their appreciation and encouragement.

There is probably no section of the country offering greater possibilities to the farmer than Utah and Idaho. The facilities for irrigation in ordinary years are unlimited, and the productivity of the soil when watered is amazing when compared with eastern lands. With proper advertising and the inducements offered in the way of rates there is no reason why, in a few years, the waste lands in the vicinity of the two roads should not be transformed into a well settled and prosperous farming country. Already the territory along the route of the Short Line through Utah is pretty well settled, and that company expects, within three years, to double the population of \$6,000 along its right of way in Idaho. The Rio Grande Western doesn't run through so thickly a settled portion of this state, and its efforts are being bent toward bringing settlers to Utah. The officials say their advertising is beginning to bear fruit, and there is every reason to believe that by following the plan outlined for a few years waders will be worked in increasing the population of the state.

HAS GOOD LASTING QUALITIES.

THERE SEEM TO BE FAIR POSSIBILITIES of the Chinese negotiations rivaling the Hundred Years' war in point of longevity. The latest report on the situation is that Washington has received the text of an agreement between the powers. So far the agreement is only a proposed one. Each power represented in Peking has received a copy, and each power's objections and suggestions will have to be noted and argued over. This will probably form the basis for another agreement, and so on until one is found that exactly fits the views of all the powers.

After that the Chinese will get a finger in the pie, and they will have suggestions to make and concessions to demand, on all of which the powers will have to agree, and if the Chinese fail to agree to the agreement, there will still be room for more argument.

It probably will not make much difference, in the long run, what the Chinese demands. The powers will doubtless take what they want as soon as they can agree upon it. But in the meantime the wily heathen can delay the game to almost any extent by simply raising points that will keep the powers busy disputing among themselves. At this sort of diplomacy the Celestials are adepts, and if our great grandchildren are not wrestling with the Oriental problem, something little short of a miracle will have happened in the meantime.

An interesting occasion is expected when the W.C.T.U. of Washington collides with the grave and reverend seigniors of the United States senate in the police court. The ladies heard that liquor was sold in the senate restaurant. They investigated the report, found senators calmly sipping the amber fluid from Milwaukee, and departed, taking with them wine cards and the names of the bibulous senators, all of which will furnish the material for a thrilling mix-up when the expected legal action is taken.

AMUSEMENTS.

The sacred concert under the auspices of the combined orchestras of Salt Lake at the grand last evening will rank as one of the most perfect musical events Salt Lake has ever produced. It easily holds first place in local lyric productions of recent years, and is deserving of much better patronage than it received, although the lower part of the house and the gallery were pretty well filled by music lovers.

It is difficult to select from such a splendid program as that presented last night a feature that might rank as best, but there is no doubt that interest centered in the debut of J. J. McCellan as a pianist. A man scarcely 27 years of age, purely from the standpoint that their appreciation is merited. And seldom does an audience of representative citizens go into such a state of enraptured attention as that which greeted the performance of Professor McCellan's "concerto in E major," scoring himself the highest praise of the difficult composition.

To the accompaniment of the twenty string and brass instruments he began, nervous as a school boy giving his first recitation, but before he had gone five measures into the concerto his soul seemed to be in the strings of the instrument before him, and his mind, apparently, oblivious to everything else. When in extreme technique or a moderated tempo, which seems sweeter, he was equal to it, and his auditors were with him from the beginning to the end of the music, until the last notes of the grand finale died away.

Professor McCellan came from behind the wings in response to three separate recalls, almost overpowered at the ovation. The fourth time he sat down at the piano and ran over a faintly remembered Chopin waltz, again stirring the house to the wildest applause. A bunch of flowers big enough almost to make a conservatory, was passed over the footlights, and the audience showed its appreciation of the incident by more applause.

The orchestral and vocal parts of the program were sublime. The "Song of the Lark" overture, the "Singing Girl," and the concluding orchestral feature, "Lohengrin," were gems. Conductor Walter Coleman, for his praiseworthy efforts in training the orchestra, is to be congratulated upon the success attained by those efforts. It was the finest exhibition all through of collective instrumental work the town has ever heard.

Mr. Goddard, in two selections, "The Two Grenadiers," and "The Song of the Lark," was at his best, and Mr. Levy, in his numbers, "Dear Friends, Farewell," from the "Daughter of the Regiment," and "Love Me, Sweet, With All Thy Heart," by Mollerup, played by Messrs. Mollerup, Fredericks, Sharp, Jespersen, Smith and Zimmerman (corps and trombones), as received with the prevailing enthusiasm, while Mr. Mollerup's solo, "Concert Aria," by Kosleck, and the "Miserere" duet from "Trovatore," by Mollerup and W. B. Smith, made up the excellent instrumental numbers.

It is probable that the concert will occur at regular intervals hereafter.

Professors Goddard and McCellan go to Ogden this morning, the lecture and recital under their direction taking place there tonight.

HOW HE HUMBLERED HIS MOTHER'S PRIDE

(Chicago Tribune.)

Judging by the artificial roses in her hat and on her cheeks she was about 20. Judging by certain other less obtrusive but more trustworthy indications, she would hardly see 40 again. The youthful curves of her figure were directly contradicted by the wrinkles around the corners of her eyes. There was something almost pathetic about the girlish giggle with which she looked down at her 12-year-old son who sat beside her on the seat of a State street trolley. She might have been a matronly and dignified, she preferred to be as girlish as circumstances would allow. And because of that foolish desire on her part came her downfall. The little boy, who was her only child, was plainly restless. Finally he leaned over and whispered something in her ear. Whatever it was it seemed to arouse her fears, and her anxiety. She shook her finger and her head at him and gave him a whispered reproof that resulted in the shrill whine of a spoiled child. A moment later he climbed up and made a second whispered appeal, which was met by a second demonstration of wrath. Then the shrill grew shriller and more continuous. Finally, he took the rest of the car into his confidence.

"Mother," he whined, "please show me your teeth. You said you'd show me your teeth if I wouldn't cry."

The poor woman who had tried so hard to keep up the appearance of an archaic youth almost had a convulsion. She grabbed the small boy by the arm and started to drag him off the car with her, while the remainder of the passengers suppressed their smiles with degrees of grace and decorum.

What you mad at me for, mother?" he whined. "You said you'd show me your teeth if I'd be a good boy."

OLD STREET-CAR NAG GOT INTO HORSE SHOW

"Puldeka Orphan," brushed and combed from ears to fetlocks, proudly strode on to the tankard at the recent New York horse show in company of twenty-five equally well groomed thoroughbreds competing for blue ribbon honors in the saddle class. A glance at the catalogue showed the following entry: "Puldeka Orphan—by Metropolitan, dam Electricity." Had the judges really shown a 12-year-old boy to the New York World, they might have noticed that Puldeka Orphan was in rhythm very like "pulled a car often" and have figured in a horse show never before. Brian G. Hughes, practical joker, had foisted Puldeka Orphan on the horse show managers, fooled a credulous public and secured another joke. But his horse won no prize.

So completely had Mr. Hughes carried out his plans that after the exhibition the horse show had looked over the trick perpetrated on them. He succeeded in placing his entry in competition for a prize against the highest class horses in the country a steed which formerly romped in front of a Fifty-ninth street cross-town car from East to North river.

Thousands who have toured the stalls at the horse show have looked over Puldeka Orphan, and have been none the wiser. The old car horse was stalled in No. 603. Mr. Hughes spared no expense in decorating her stable. It was covered on each side with red velvet Chrysanthemums, roses and lilacs were decked about the walls. All evening long the place of horse motive power stood at the stall.

None of the true blue thoroughbreds

resolved half the attention and enter show that graced the quarters of the car horse. Puldeka was ridden for inspection by Miss Clara Hughes, Mr. Hughes' 12-year-old daughter, who recently graduated from a convent, where she was a valetudinarian. She has inherited her father's love of a joke.

The story of Puldeka Orphan dates back to last September, when Mr. Hughes bought her for \$11.50, and sent her to his country place at Brighton, Thore, with proper feedings, the animal showed marked improvement, and Mr. Hughes decided to bring her up to the horse show standard.

"I had her properly fed," Mr. Hughes said, "and consulted a veterinary surgeon as to the best way of developing her best qualities. We gave her a tonic pill consisting of strychnine, iron and arsenic acids. This pill Puldeka took regularly, and the way she took on sleekness and such was marvelous. I hired a groom especially for her, and told him if he could get Puldeka in such shape as to win a prize, half the money should be his."

"After the mare looked presentable, I had my daughter ride her and get her accustomed to the saddle. I found it difficult to break Puldeka from starting whenever a bell rang, and at first it was almost impossible to get her to go ahead any other way."

"The judges and veterinary surgeons made their preliminary examination, and decided that she was a fit steed to compete with the other high-class horses. This is in itself a great victory. Think of it! An old state of a car horse officially judged to be an animal of class high enough to compete at the national horse show."

Mr. Hughes once successfully exhibited at the cat show a Bontary cat, which was a pedigree pedigree, which took first prize. He has perpetrated various other jokes, which have received much publicity.

DEVOTION OF CONGRESSMAN BOUTELLE'S DAUGHTER (New York World.)

Mad but not forsaken is Congressman Charles A. Boutelle of Maine. By no means forsaken, since his sentimental constituents of Bangor have re-elected him to his seat in the house of representatives in hope of thereby aiding the recovery of his reason—an incident almost if not quite unique in the history of politics.

But, his generous brings no comfort to the afflicted statesman. The very news of it cannot penetrate the clouds that darken his once vigorous mind. All that the cares of all that he has to lighten his distress is the companionship of his daughter.

Miss Grace Boutelle drives every day from her lodging to the McCellan insane asylum at Waterville, intent on devoting all her waking hours to her afflicted father.

If it is fine they start for a long drive and the patient clings to the carriage, clapping his hands and laughing aloud. If it is showery they watch their opportunity for cautious excursions into the garden.

Again and again she reports a few simple words expressing one simple idea. If he is in a doleful mood—that is, in a mood of depression—he is allowed to go out with her—he repeats the words after her, sometimes haltingly, sometimes fluently, with a dash of the old oratorical effect.

But the idea is impossible always to tell whether it fastens itself on his consciousness or not. Sometimes it does, but only to be detached the next moment. Sometimes he seeks to reply rationally, but weeps to find himself uttering the reverse of what he wishes to say.

Through all trials and failures and fleeting successes his daughter exhibits the protecting care of a mother striving to develop the intelligence of her child.

One idea he stubbornly refuses to entertain. He cannot be made to understand that he is still a congressman—that his constituents are waiting for him in spite of his mental affliction. Such a triumph of sentiment in the harsh world of politics is beyond his comprehension, and so the purpose of that amazing act of generosity on the part of the people of Bangor is defeated.

Congressman Boutelle became insane in Washington ten months ago. He has been in the asylum ever since. False reports have been circulated to the effect that he had recovered, and would soon be able to resume his seat in congress. The truth is that there has been no improvement in his condition.

WASN'T A CANDIDATE.

(Religious Telescope.)

The story is told of Senator Vance of North Carolina, the champion storyteller of the senate, who has a broad stripe of Calvinism down his back, though he is not a communicant of the church, that, riding along in Buncombe county on day he overtook a venerable darky, with whom he thought he would have "a little fun."

"Uncle," said the governor, "are you going to church?"

"No, sah, I ain't exactly 'I'm gwine back from church."

"You're a Baptist, I reckon—ain't you?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Baptist, de most of de bredden 'n' sistern about here has been under de water."

"Methodist, then?"

"No, sah, I ain't no Methodist, nudder."

"Campbellite?"

"No, sah, I can't errogate to myself de Campbellite way of thinking."

"Well, what is de name of goodness are you, then?" rejoined the governor, remembering the narrow range of choice in religions among North Carolina negroes.

"Well, de fac' is, sah, my old master was a herud of de cross in de Presbyterian church, an' I was fetch up in de faith."

"What! You don't mean it? Why, that is my church."

The negro making no comment on this announcement, Governor Vance went at him again.

"And do you believe in all of de Presbyterian doctrine?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does."

"Do you believe in de doctrine of predestination?"

"I dunno dat I recognize de name, sah."

"Why, do you believe dat if a man is elected to be saved he will be saved, and if he is elected to be lost he will be lost?"

"Yes, boss, I believe dat. It's gospel talk, dat is."

"Well, now, take my case. Do you believe dat I am elected to be saved?"

The negro struggled for a moment with his desire to be respectful and polite, and then shook his head dubiously.

"Come, now, answer my question," pressed the governor. "What do you say?"

"Well, I tell you what 't is, Mars Zeb: I's been libin' in dis hyar world nigh 20 year, an' I nudder yod hyard of any man bein' 'lected 'bout he was a candidate."

TWO QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

To the Editor of The Herald:

1. Can a president of the United States be elected for a third term?

2. What was the name of the president of France who was assassinated a few years ago?

SUBSCRIBER.

Midway, Utah.

1. There is nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent a president's re-election a dozen times if the people desired him to be re-elected. There is an unwritten law against a third term dating back to George Washington's refusal to remain in the office after serving two terms.

2. Sadié Carnot.

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